Miss Mary Barrows
Wellesley

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 16.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Leader, *Florence Dean*, '91	233
Poem—A Mood, *G. F. T.*	233
Poem—A Villanelle, *W. E. Henley*	234
Hand to Hand Philanthropy, *Katherine Coman*	234
Little St. Pierre, *Florence Converse*, '92	235
Mathematics, *Isabel Darlington*	238
Cherokee Indians,	239
Foreign Letter, *M. A. Wilcox*	239
Poem—Heart Whispers, *Lillian Corbett Barnes*, '91	240
The Week, *Emily I. Meader*, '91	241
College Notes, *Theodora Kyle*, '91	243
Auld Acquaintance, *Edith S. Tufts*, '84	243
Inter-Collegiate News, *Mary W. Bates*, '92	244
Waban Ripples	244
Our Outlook, *Mary Barrows*, '90	245
Magazines and Reviews, *Mary Barrows*, '90	245
Book Reviews, *Sarah M. Bock*, '90	246

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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THE brightness and beauty of the first pleasant Monday for weeks were administering to my inmost needs, as I sauntered down the street, feeling, as several others have before, that

"'Twere bliss to be alive,
But to be young were very heaven,"

when, lo, there came the very girl who had, I knew, taken a four miles' walk that morning. I was about to congratulate her on thus improving "each shining hour" of the *very few* pleasant days for some mysterious reason assigned to us poor Wellesley people; but, as she came nearer, the distressed look on her face entirely distracted my thoughts, and, at the moment of passing, the earnest words to her friend, "But it was the triangle that——," served to complete the anti-climax. The vision passed.

Once more, one Saturday evening, after a delightful chat with a friend, another girl started up, saying, "Oh, dear, I must go and study, I've been idling around two hours." "But doesn't it do you good to 'idle around' once in a while?" "Yes, if you don't think all the time of what you have to do." And the tired look returned to her face.

Girls may recite German poems and repeat propositions in mathematics, and at the same time derive good from the walk which they are *taking*, even though it be like a dose of medicine. But were these subjects dropped and the mind left free to interest itself in nature, if it were not too much used up to take an interest in anything, how much would this good be augmented!

Can we not form the habit of really throwing off cares and study when we do it nominally? Can we not feel free from work and anxiety from ten o'clock in the evening till nine in the morning, and do all the better work for the complete rest? Can we not respect the physical in our nature as much in proportion as we do the mental? If we will only train ourselves to this complete throwing aside of work in play-hours, we shall live in a higher world; we shall have more time to think freely and fearlessly; and we shall come nearer than before to realizing George Macdonald's ideal, and

"Change the *feet* that soon grow weary,
For the *wings* that never will."

Florence Dean, '91.

A MOOD.

I would that lilies flaunted
In multitudes over my head,
A blessed white dream, enchanted,
Of one who sleeps long dead.

The croon of soughing pine trees
Would comfort me overhead,
A babe lulled soft on a mother's knees,
When I am dead, long dead.

Ah sweeter far is that swooning death,
Than this flame flecked life with longing sped;
More dear than a woman's the lilies' breath
To one so long, long dead.

Wrapt safe from day's long, sad unrest
Come sweetest death, and over spread
Night's hush on the passion aflush in the west;
For I would be one long dead.—*G. F. T.*

A VILLANELLE.

Where's the use of sighing?
Sorrow as you may,
Time is always flying.—

Flying! and defying
Men to say him nay—
Where's the use of sighing?

Look! To-day is dying
After yesterday,
Time is always flying.

Flying—and when crying
Cannot make him stay
Where's the use of sighing?

Men with by-and-bying,
Fritter life away,
Time is always flying,

Flying!—oh from prying
Cease, and go to play,
Where's the use of sighing,
Time is always flying?

W. E. Henley.

HAND TO HAND PHILANTHROPY.

"A soul must be hand-picked" said the wise woman who was for several years superintendent of the Woman's Reformatory Prison at Sherborne. "I never knew a woman to be redeemed from sin and really established in right living except by the personal influence of some one who cared enough for her to be her friend."

This is the secret of reform. Institutions can do little, admonition and exhortation can do little, without this personal touch which kindles in the soul the hope of a higher life. Dr. Mosher expressed the root idea of the new philanthropy, *the prevailing power of personal service, the inspiring, uplifting influence of friendship.* Its advocates believe that men can be roused from sluggish acquiescence in the debasing influence of sordid surroundings by setting before them tangible evidence of the better possibilities of life, that the alluring power of low pleasures can best be combated by bringing within reach of the stinted nature pleasures higher and more wholesome, that the strongest incentive to a higher life is the fellowship of nobler souls. Not money, but guidance, not institutions, but friendship, is the crying need of the poor. We are not now discussing the need of the few dependent poor, but that of the self-supporting, self-respecting many. Startling stories of destitution come to our ears, they have the power to rouse us to the purpose of helpfulness, but they should not blind us to the fact that the great majority of the poor are not destitute of food and shelter. They are able to provide themselves with the necessaries of life. To offer them money or cast-off clothing would be to rob them of that self-respect which is perhaps the one thing they can take pride in. They are not hungry for bread, but for joy; they are not destitute of food, but of music, of books, of friends, of all that beautifies and ennobles life. What makes life worth the living to the man whose days bring him nothing beyond the labor by which he supplies himself with food? Is it worth while to put forth every energy of brain and hand for no other purpose than to keep body and soul together? Is it strange that the over-taxed nerves demand relief, reaction, in the only form within reach, in drink and brutal pleasure?

Do great ambitions stir in the heart of the child born in the tenement house, accustomed from baby-hood to cramped and sordid conditions, taught to entertain no higher hope for life, after the scant pleasures of childhood are exhausted, than the unceasing toil for daily bread in which his father lived and died? Small wonder that he turns from the drear prospect of honest penury to see if there be not some pleasanter way of life.

Let us put ourselves, in imagination, in the place of the factory-girl. Her average weekly income, according to the recent report of the Labor Bureau, would be $5.64. Out of this she pays $1.00 for the unheated, sparely furnished hall bed-room of a cheap lodging-house, and $3.50 for board in a basement restaurant. She has left $1.14 for extras, car fare, clothing and amusements. She goes to the factory at seven in the morning and returns at six in the evening, exhausted in body and mind by ten hours of monotonous labor. Every sense is hungry for satisfaction, every nerve cries out for pleasure, for excitement, for the relief of change. Do we wonder that she finds some argument to justify herself in accepting the pleasures offered

by the street, the dime-museum, the public-ball? "Nobody cares whether I live or die," said such a girl the other day. "My life meant nothing to anybody else, why should it mean anything to me?"

These girls throng the streets in the evening, gazing into shop-windows, laughing and talking boisterously. They are striving to satisfy that hunger for pleasure which is the common inheritance of rich and poor, which may become the incentive of all effort towards the highest things of life, but which is too often made the means of enticing the despairing soul to ruin. These girls are not vicious, but dangerously near vice. Before we condemn let us question what wholesome pleasure is within their reach. How can such a girl be helped to a nobler purpose, to some ambition beyond that of imitating the dress of the ladies she sees in the street? First of all, we must give her some apprehension of the better things of life, of the more wholesome pleasures to be found in books, pictures, music, of the purer joys of helpfulness and self-sacrifice. We must convince her that the secret of the lady's grace is not in her dress, but in the more costly furnishings of mind and heart. Then we must enable her to make these things her own, we must bring within reach of her slender means books, concerts, lectures, a whiff of sea-breeze, or a glimpse of the mountains. We must enable her to set out upon a course of self-education that shall give significance to her life.

But all these cannot stimulate the young life to its best fruitage, without the inspiring fellowship of a wise and loving friend, someone whose experience of life is wider and deeper than her own, someone who has proved the height of joy as well as the depth of sorrow, who has laid firm hold on the life eternal, whose faith in the love of God and the salvation of man is so strong and joyous as to kindle the flame of hope and purpose in the doubting, despairing heart. We, perhaps, are so accustomed to be surrounded by friends to whom we can turn in case of need, that we may find it hard to understand the loneliness of a girl to whom home does not mean a place of refuge from the ills of life, and who has never known the support of a high and ennobling friendship; but a brief experience of the life of our less privileged sisters would convince us that hunger for sympathy is more cruel than hunger for bread, and dearth of hope more benumbing than cold.

It is the recognition of this intellectual and spiritual destitution that has suggested various forms of work among the poor, having the common basis of friendliness. Such are the "Association for Befriending Young Servants" of London, the "Girls' Friendly Societies" imported into this Country from England, the "Working Girls Clubs," a form of fellowship discovered by Miss Grace Dodge in New York several years ago, and now to be found in all the great cities of the North.

LITTLE ST. PIERRE.

Way down in Louisiana there is a country road, all tangled up in the woods of St. Tammany Parish: a picturesque old road, now straggling down through broad, green lanes to the edge of Lake Pontchartrain, and into the little villages of Mandeville and Lewisburg; now winding along the river-bank to Covington, or twisting in and out among the pines to Abita; bordered, at intervals, by tall trees bereft of their branches and doing duty as telephone-posts,—an easy task, for the wires are "few and far between" and often dangle listlessly from their heights with that air of idleness which seems to pervade the whole place.

Four or five miles inland from the lake the woods are thin and bare, with only the tall pines climbing up into the sky; while charred stumps, or blackened circles on the ground mark the spots where the charcoal-burners have been at work.

Along this road at five o'clock on a summer morning rolled a dingy, battered Jersey-wagon, drawn by an old gray horse, who jogged along, no faster, no slower, all indifferent to certain sweet chirruping sounds and pretty French phrases of encouragement wafted to him from the front seat of the wagon.

The occupants were four, no, five in number, for one of the women held a baby two or three months old in her arms. On the front seat a dark young Frenchman, and beside him his wife, with the baby; behind them, a French girl of eighteen or nineteen years, and a young man, evidently a German, who looked out always on his

own side of the wagon and made no attempt to take part in the general conversation.

"But dees 'awse ees slow, yais!" remarked the woman on the front seat, as they jogged along.

"You 'ave too much impatience, Marie," replied her husband, making no attempt to drive faster.

"Zere ees time, much time. De boat ees naut in Man'ville before 'yait an hour; le petit will be in time; 'ee will be chreesen to-day, sho!"

After a pause, the woman in an apologetic tone:

"'Ee will not be seaseek, you don' sink 'ee will be seaseek, Pierre?"

"'Ow can I tell, Marie? but you are foolish, yais!"

"Ah, but Pierre! eet would be peety eef 'ee ees seek de day wenn 'ee is chreesen; eh, *mon petit! n'est ce pas?* Lait me see," she continued, "Ow will it soun' wenn de pries' as' 'ee's name? Pierre Marie Cardon Tribon. *C'a c'est bon, oui!* hein Pierre?"

Pierre only laughs and says:

"See! dere is de Ponchatalawa; we 'ave much time," pointing, as he speaks, to a green and sluggish little stream, spanned by a bridge, whose palsy-stricken timbers shake and groan beneath the wagon and its load.

The woods are denser now, and the pines are only short, green, fluffy shrubs, over-topped by the shade-spreading magnolias. The sun, still far down in the East, shoots gold-green glances across the road, and the baby on its mother's lap blinks its solemn eyes and curls up its funny little round nose as the wagon passes through light and shade. But then, to be sure, this is a very remarkable baby. Is he not going to the city to be christened? and is there not to be a grand feast? and is not Herr Bauer—the German—going too, with his violin carried along as a great favor? And is not the baby himself a perfect cherub, exhibiting an angelic frame of mind even when awakened at three o'clock this morning to be bathed, and dressed in the christening-robe, trimmed with the crocheted lace, over which the little Godmother on the back seat has spent so much time, and which is prickly enough to throw any ordinary baby into convulsions? And what a name he has! and how the little mother glories in that name! surely he will do something great when he is grown.

Behind the jogging gray horse the wagon is carried; past glades and thickets; past the two grassy hillocks known as the Indian Mounds, and on, and on until the road divides. Here the German addresses Pierre the elder:—

"If ve haff dime, go not dott short road, I haff sometings to show."

A shrug of the shoulders from Pierre, and the gray horse, after some persuasion, takes the longer road. The little Godmother, encouraged by the extreme affability of Herr Bauer, timidly ventures a request:

"Herr Bauer, eef yo' would play now on yo' violin?"

Herr Bauer, still looking out on the road, says:

"Ya, Fraulein, *mit vergnugen*, venn ve haff pass vatt I haff to show."

And the little Godmother, awed by his preoccupation, relapses again into silence.

"See!"—It is the German. All start nervously and look out. A little off the road in the woods stand three tall trees about ten feet apart, around which the scuppernong vines have so entwined as to make a solid wall of green, ending atop in three points, and looking like the ruins of some vine-clad castle on the Rhine. Indeed, as the leaves rustled one might imagine he saw the gray stone behind. Pierre stopped the wagon and they gazed in amazement.

"Ah, but 'ow eet ees lak' *une grande cathédrale*!" ejaculates Marie.

"Yais," says the little Godmother, "Eet 'ave ought to be call '*La Cathedrale de St. Pierre*' fo' *le petit*."

"Oh yais, yais!" cries the delighted Marie, and, holding up the baby: "*Voila mon petit*! do yo' see you' *cathedrale*, ees eet naut *magnifique*? Per-'aps wenn 'ee ees beeg 'ee will be pries' an' 'ee will buil' a *cathédrale* 'ere lak' dees wan; but zat will be fine, yais!"

Pierre the elder, far from being impressed by the brilliant future in store for his son, roars with laughter.

"Fo' watt do 'ee want it 'ere in de woud?"

"But Pierre, eet weel naut be woud wenn 'ee ees beeg?"

"*Vraiment*, but eet was woud wenn you was li'll

an' it will be woud, always woud; it ees made fo' woud."

"You, you teaze too much; I will not sink so eef I don't lak'," retorts Marie. But Herr Bauer is tuning his violin.

He played a lullaby with a refrain of "*Schlafe Wohl*" and, as the horse's head was turned down the lane to Mandeville, the last full tones died away. The baby lay on its mother's lap, asleep with a smile on its face.

The whistle of the boat was heard far up the lake, and Marie exclaimed joyously:

"I am glad! we will be een time fo' true."

The wagon turned out on the beach road, and just afterwards two black objects sprang with a bark and a bound from one of the neighboring yards. The gray horse, startled, rushed to one side; the wagon struck a post; there was the *snap* of a breaking spring, and then the wagon righted itself; the horse stood still; the dogs slunk away, and all in the wagon were safe. Yes, all in the wagon; but down there in a little white bundle, with its face in the gray dust of the road, lay the baby, still, so still! And the boat was puffing into Mandeville.

One instant—and the mother was down on her knees in the road, clasping her baby close:——

"Oh, *mon petit, mon petit*! An' 'ee was so near; but 'ee ees not daid, 'ee ees not daid! Pierre, *courez vite*, de pries'!"

Pierre is off down the road and Herr Bauer follows, leaving the two women alone with the wagon. It is inconsiderate of Herr Bauer; but then: "Zese German!" thinks the little Godmother. Some one comes out of the nearest house and leads them in. The mother wipes the dust from her baby's face; it breathes, but the big eyes are closed, and it does not cry; that is the worst, it does not cry. They ask the mother many questions but she only moans, and rocks to and fro.

"Whom have they gone for?" asked one woman of the little Godmother.

"De pries'," she answered sobbing.

"But the other man," questioned the woman, "Hasn't he gone for a doctor?"

"I don' know," sobbed the girl, "'Ee 'ave jus' went off, zat ees all I know; we 'ave not sink of a doctor."

Just here Herr Bauer appeared in the doorway, followed by a man in his shirt-sleeves, panting very hard, who took the baby and said:—

"Poor little mite!"

Then he stood looking at it gently.

"Ees 'ee—ees 'ee vairy hurt?" asked the mother; "Dere ees no mark. Oh, 'ee weel not die, 'ee weel not die? *Mon Dieu*, watt will I do eef 'ee die?"

The doctor—for the man without a coat, was the doctor—said nothing, only held the baby and watched it with that gently pitying look. But Pierre had found the priest and they came in together with a bottle of holy water. The christening began. The doctor held the baby, and the priest asked his name.

"Pierre Marie Cardon Tribon," faltered the mother.

"I chreesen yo' Pierre"—

"He has gone," said the doctor softly.

"Oh, non, non! not daid! not yait! 'ee 'ave not all 'ees name!"

"'Ave comfort *ma fille*; 'ee ees a saint now, Saint Pierre," said the priest.

* * * * *

A Jersey-wagon, drawn by an old gray horse, went up the lane from Mandeville and out into the woods, slowly, very slowly, for one of the wagon-springs was broken. The woman on the back seat moaned and rocked a baby in her arms, while it lay still, so still! The sun shone hot upon the road, and the men in front looked ahead, seeing nothing. The woman drew her baby close, and shivered, but the sun shone upon the road as they neared the green cathedral.

"Pierre, 'ee ees so cole, *mon petit*! *an*' de sone ees wahm down zere. Eef we could bairy 'eem by 'ees *cathédrale*!"

Pierre glanced around in alarm;—he had forgotten about *La Cathédrale de St. Pierre*;—the grief must have affected Marie's mind. She saw the look, and said:—

"De trees ware de vine 'ave grow so tick."

Pierre remembered now, but looked incredulous.

"We 'ave no pries'," he said, shaking his head.

"But eef yo' give ze pries' somesing fo' a mass? 'Ee will not come out 'ere anny 'ow; an' I weel lak' so much eef 'ee can be bairy 'ere. Oh Pierre! *je vous prie*! Eet ees so still 'ere."

"Yais, I know, but we 'ave no,—no box."

The poor mother bewildered, pressed her hand to her head.

"Yais, so I 'ad fo'got. But 'ee will freeze; 'ee ees so cole. Oh, eef I could see 'ee's eyes wance! *mon petit*, watt mak' yo' so cole? An' eet ees wahm under de vines."

Herr Bauer held out his empty violin-case:

"You can haff diss, I pray you haff diss from me."

Pierre said no more, but stopped the horse, and they all alighted and went off the road, close to the wall of vines. It did not take long to dig a hole in the sandy soil, and they scooped out the soft earth with their hands. Then they laid the baby in the violin-case, and covering its face with the long white robe, they knelt there in "*La Cathédrale de St. Pierre*," and prayed for the soul of its patron saint. Herr Bauer played "Schlafe Wohl." And when they had covered the little box with the warm earth there was a ring of sunlight all round the place.

God rest his soul! Poor little St. Pierre!

Florence Converse, '92.

MATHEMATICS.

The practical uses of Mathematics are so direct and obvious, their value in serving material interest so evident, that to discuss them from a utilitarian standpoint is unnecessary.

Plato called Mathematics the handles or aids to philosophy, the medicine of the soul, and certainly the study of no other science, no philosophy or art, can give a broader, truer culture.

Since mathematical reasoning is demonstrative, the student in Mathematics is concerned not with opinions and speculations, but with knowledge; the ability to think clearly and state precisely is therefore a primary essential. The study of a science, which to be successful requires at every step absolute accuracy in work, discriminative judgment in the use of methods, clear understanding of principle in order to apply it, must develop a habit of careful thought and conscientious desire to be in the right,—a habit most necessary to a sound moral as well as intellectual culture. Vague conceptions or careless reasoning in any line of thought should be impossible to the mind educated by mathematical methods.

But a higher service of Mathematics is their aid in the safe cultivation of the powers of the imagination, or that image-making faculty whereby man becomes himself a creator, and thereby approaches nearest to the Image in which he was made. In no field of thought is the imagination so free from the restrictions of sense, the limitations of matter, as in that of Mathematics. The mathematician, bolder in his flight than the poet who "dreams of things celestial and things infernal patterned after things terrestial" is privileged to forget the forms of visible creations and even their existence, building as he does on the abstract notions of number, time and space. Yet "however high his flights, they will be steady, however daring, they will be sustained," because they advance from knowledge to knowledge.

The study of Mathematics has a most healthy religious influence, for though it may not deal with thought, feeling and character, it increases vastly the student's capacity for mental enjoyment, develops marvellously his power of conceiving abstract notions, cultivates a taste for high contemplations, and thereby places him in a most advantageous position to know Him who can be known only in spirit and truth and through His works.

Work conscientiously and faithfully done in any branch, however distasteful to the student, will bring its reward, but that study is most profitable to him which enlists his enthusiasm as well as his attention. What we like to do, we do well. The study of Mathematics, maligned as it has been, and presumably always will be, by those students who pursue it compulsorily, has its immediate rewards, even for the beginner, as gratifying as those afforded by any other line of study. Only he who has puzzled long over a difficult problem or pondered faithfully some (to him) obtruse train of thought knows the keen joy which is experienced when a solution suggests itself or understanding comes. The knowledge acquired to-day is the stepping-stone to new truths in the morrow; this rising by means of the known to the unknown, this employing to-day as an instrument what yesterday seemed only a useless puzzle or abstraction, has an exhilaration, which to be understood must be experienced. The student is

made conscious of his power, and works with ever renewed energy and enthusiasm.

To the mind thoroughly equipped and acquiring strength with each effort, come with increasing frequency, flashes of new relations and far-reaching possibilities, glimpses into an infinite order of harmonious truths hitherto undreamed of.

All truth is one, and any search for it in whatever direction, which compels effort and awakens enthusiasm for truth, is commendable in proportion to the degree in which it accomplishes these results. The plea for the study of Mathematics is made on varied grounds; in the words of Sylvester, "The world of ideas which Mathematical Science discloses or illuminates, the contemplation of divine beauty and order which it induces, the harmonious connections of its parts, the infinite heirarchy and absolute evidence of the truths with which it is concerned, these and such like are the surest grounds of its title to human regard."

Isabel Darlington.

CHEROKEE INDIANS.

The following proclamation was made this year by the chief of the Cherokee Indians who now live in the northern part of Georgia. They are thoroughly civilized, living on farms which they cultivate as do the whites, and worshipping the Christian God. The government now wishes to drive them from their homes to the Indian Territory, in order to make room for the white men, who, strangely enough are inferior to this tribe in civilization morally as these Indians have adopted the beneficial customs of civilization without the vices.

"As our forefathers when Nature's children of the forest, in pursuit of game, around the council fire in simplicity did give praise and thanks to the Great Spirit, in their yearly mystic "green-corn dance," for the return of His great gift to them—the "indian corn"—now to-day as a Christian nation of people, it is but meet that the Cherokee people should give thanks to the Christian's God for His continued protection of our tribe in the enjoyment of their Government and homes, and that, through the many trials we have been compelled to pass, He has continued to bless our people.

It is but proper that we, as a nation, should pause and give earnest thanks to God that we have been permitted to live in the enjoyment of this life and in the peace and prosperity that surround us. Now therefore I, J. B. Mayes, Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation, do issue this my proclamation,to the Cherokee people, asking that you set apart Thursday, the 28th day of November, as a day of thanksgiving; that you assemble at your usual places of worship and give thanks to God and beseech Him to bless us once more and shield us from the dangers that surround us, and earnestly ask Him to let us live as other nations and states around us, in the full enjoyment of the gifts that He has given us. Given under my hand at Talequah, Cherokee Nation, on this, the 13th day of November, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and eighty-nine."

J. B. Mayes, Principal Chief.

FOREIGN LETTER.

Hotel zum Goldenen Löwen,
Eizenach, Germany, 23–11, '89.

My dear Wellesley Friends:

I wonder whether I can do better for you than to take you into this quaint little town which we have learned to know so well in our stay of nearly a fortnight. If I can give you something of what it has given to us I am sure you can wish nothing better.

Eizenach meant to us, when we decided to come, a vague Lutherian nebula. It was one of those things you know about when you aren't asked. We knew he called it his own dear town and were a little disposed to be cross with him that he should have given such a misleading name to any other than his birthplace. But when in our search for lodgings we happened to glance up the little irregular corner which opens out of the market-place to the big shambling hospitable Luther Haus and realized all it gave to the tremulous appeal of the hungry heart-sick boy, we thought we should have remembered it as lovingly as Luther did. For it was in Eizenach's Luther—Haus that Ursula Cotta lived (you see we had been reading up since we first planned to come to Eizanach).

The little room he occupied still has some of the things he used and the homeliness of life in those days comes up vividly as one sees the inkstand, the drinking cup, and the candlestick fashioned out of wood-knots much like the dug-out of an Indian.

And then there is the Wartburg. Not very high; only five or six hundred feet above the town, but up a

steep hill cut all the way into shallow steps. One labors up them with thoughts of the many sad hearts who consecrated the way in the early days when St. Elizabeth waited at the top with bread for body and soul, and of the larger breaking of bread to the whole German nation which Luther wrought there in later time. One sees his very room, once a prison, and is shown the spot where the ink pot was thrown at the devil. The guide recites the tale without the least glimmering of thought that the little worn table may really have been the place where the devil was conquered by the ink pot.

Such a quaint, gracious place as the Wartburg is, quite apart from its associations. There are two courts, largely of half timbered work, and quaint little vine-grown staircases and corners show how much nature is taking it to her heart. It has been wisely and lovingly restored during the last fifty years and looks now as it may have done when Walfram von Uchenbach and Walther von der Vogelweide came to the grea' Sängerkrieg. (Bædecker, the ruthless, says they didn't have the sängerkrieg here, but everybody else says they did and they show you the room where it took place. It is just as bad to believe too little as too much, and not half so happy.)

But there is so much here that it isn't history, at least not book history. Real earth history which nobody can disprove and when you have the original documents to refer to. It is a magnificent place for geology, and roads and quarries come most opportunely so that you can see everything. All the south and west of the town lies on a close conglomerate whose fragments are imbedded in a red clayey basis. Such splendid red roads as it makes when it weathers. They are a delight to the eye all over the landscape. Our host laughs when I say so—"Yes, when it isn't muddy," he answers ominously. But I am sure I would rather be muddied with rich red mud than with the nasty black mud which some of us have seen nearer home.

But it is not only for its beauty that I love the *rothliegendes*, nor because of the beautiful crumpled outline it gives to the hills, nor even for its tender nursing of mosses and ferns and lichens over all its bare face and in every crevice. But most of all for the way it takes you into its confidence and tells you its history—how it utilized in its early days fragments of the slate and mica which underlie it, how sometimes it was laid down in fast-flowing water so that only sand was deposited and how the water then grew slower and the mud dropped too, how sometimes there were big pieces of rock which helped along the formation wonderfully and then again there were no outside helps and it had all to be made by the slow constant deposit of the sand and clay.

The *rothliegendes* is not at all like Vice. Seen too oft, familiar with its face you don't embrace it but want something else. And so it is a keen delight to cross the railway track and find yourself on the north side of the town among the great simple curves of the chalk. How I wish I could give you the excitement of a fossil hunt and its rich returns! Our wise and kindly host takes a great interest in a *Dameprofessor* and adds the charm of his intelligent sympathy and his loving knowledge of the country to days which would even without that be almost too full Where, but in Germany, should we find an innkeeper who could show one the best places for views and rocks, who knew the names and habits of all the birds and flowers, and who could and would lend one all the scientific books one needed for a complete study of the region!

I haven't left myself any room to tell you of the birds, some of them dear and familiar, some of them unfamiliar but on the way to be dear. I can only mention one, a little metallic green king-fisher, *Eisvogel*, who sits on the edge of the stream and breaks the ice for his breakfast.

All these things and so many, many more that I can't even mention, you will find, come when you will to this bewitching place. But the little black-eyed chamber maid who comes in a dozen times a day to laugh at our crooked German will be Frau—Somebody before long. She tells us with pride about her linen, all bought with the wages she has saved, and adds her modest hope that when she is married she can go for a walk every Sunday. We hope so too and wish her Godspeed. But we grieve over the fate of our beautiful Obert, deftest of waiters, who goes next spring for his three years army service. What it may mean to the clean, simple-hearted boy one does not like to think. But in the meantime we enjoy him much, watching with keen delight the darkening eyes and the quick movement of color in his manly face as we tell him of America, and the cordial welcome it offers.

M. A. Willcox.

HEART-WHISPERS.

Somewhere Love is biding
E'en for thee,
Sometime Joy in hiding
Shall be free!
Dost thou fear to see the gathering darkness grow,
Where the light is but the white of whirling snow
Onward rushing like an angry sea?

For thine heart that's breaking
Somewhere, sure,
Tender Love is waking
To endure.
Dost thou joy to see the eager, dawning light?
'Tis the splendor shining from Love's roses white,
Love's bright roses, sweet and heavenly-pure!

Lillian Corbett Barnes, '91.

THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Jan. 26, Rev. E. K. Young, of Philadelphia, took as his text the last part of John 9; 35: "Jesus heard that they had cast him out, and when he had found him, he said unto him, 'Dost thou believe on the Son of God?'"

* * *

It has always been well-known that the Juniors were good, but few expected that they would become spirits so soon, and what is more, that they would, by their influence, carry their friends with them into spirit-land. Last Tuesday, Jan. 21, two of the class gave a most unique "at home" at Wood Cottage. The guests were first robed in sheets and masked, then escorted to the room where their hostesses stood, ghostly indeed in the pale-green light. After a short time of spirited conversation, the guests rose, one by one, in order, and the rest guessed, or tried to guess who they were. Tally-cards kept the score, and prizes were given to the most and least successful. Stories were then told, followed by refreshments, consisting of lemonade, shrub and cookies. The ghosts exhibited very substantial appetites, in spite of their strange surroundings. The hostesses then gave the human idea of ghosts as seen in literature. The examples chosen were "Scrooge, and Marley's Ghost" and, "The Transferred Ghost." Both were capitally rendered, in fact "Marley's Ghost" with clanking fetters and deathly countenance, was almost too dreadful to look at. "The Transferred Ghost" was on the other hand so practical, substantial and matter of fact. that all could see the advance of the XIX Century ideal. Silent time came all too soon. and the ghosts glided away to the lands from whence they came.

* * *

The regular monthly meeting of the Shakespeare Society took place Saturday evening, Jan. 25. It was held in the dining-room of the Freeman, a room which proved convenient both in size and arrangement. The play for the evening was Coriolanus. The program was as follows:

Shakespeare News,	Miss Miller
Letter from Villa Novella,	Miss Hodgkins
Study of the Plot,	Miss Baldwin
Dramatic Representation. Act I. Scene 4.	
Volumnia,	Miss Swift
Virgilia,	Miss A. Dransfield
Valeria,	Miss Young
Essay. Laughter in Shakespeare,	Miss Stevens
Text Study,	Miss Paton
Dramatic Representation. Act I, Scene 3.	
Coriolanus,	Miss Pleasants
Volumnia,	Miss Swift
Aufidius,	Miss C. Greene
General Discussion.	

Miss Miller in her News told of the changes which have been lately made in the Shakespeare church in Stratford-on-Avon. It has been restored by ardent Shakesperians to such a degree that it has lost much of its interest. The letter from Mrs. Cowden Clarke's home written by Mr. Corson to Miss Hodgkins was of especial interest to Shakespeare students. It gave a sketch of the life in the Villa Novella and described Mrs. Clarke's surroundings, her work and her friends.

The story of the play was told by Miss Baldwin and the character of Coriolanus as under the control of his thirst for glory and his personal pride was well brought out. Miss Stevens' paper was an interesting study of the laughter and mirth of Shakespeare. She distinguished what he laughs at and what he laughs with, and showed what he never laughs at. He never laughs at goodness or wickedness. The text study conducted by Miss Paton was a thorough and enjoyable discussion of the obscure and especially interesting words in Act II. Scene 1. The dramatic representations were well carried out and the Roman costumes were particularly effective. The general discussion following the second representation was led by Miss Glover. Volumnia as the spirit of war and Virgilia as the domestic spirit were compared and the motives governing Coriolanus discussed. The work for the coming month will be the study of the sonnets.

* * *

Sunday evening, Jan. 26, Miss Jeanette Fine spoke of the work of the College Settlement. She took up principally the new features which have been introduced since Christmas. Library Day, which is every Wednesday, from two in the afternoon until half-past nine in the evening, was first mentioned. The very little children of about six years come first and stay until four, when they go away to make room for the older children; and the evening hours are for those who work. They not only come for books, but also to look at pictures and play games. There are one hundred and fifty names on the book list. About fifty children are in the house at a time, sitting on the floor, and the tables. and in the windows. Library Day is especially useful since it gives more opportunity than is possible in the clubs to get at the children individually.

A branch of the Penny Provident Fund Savings Bank, which Miss Fine said had been open but ten days, already had forty depositors. Bank hours are from seven to seven-thirty every day. Recently the plan has been started of giving teas for the mothers, at which they are entertained with music, and simple refreshments are served. The women have very good times and feel as if they were returning some of the many calls made upon them by the residents of the Settlement. The people reached by the Settlement are those whose bodies and minds are dwarfed by poverty and trouble; yet they respond very quickly to the spirit of the settlement. The children surge over the house, yet never take anything, and tell at once if anything is broken. As to what is intended to be accomplished, the residents feel that they cannot do much for the mothers except to bring some pleasure into their hard lives. In the case of the young women, too, the opportunities are restricted, but they can be taught cooking and dress-making, and some of the laws of health. But the great possibilities are in the children, who are very bright and possessing all the charm of childhood. The chief attraction of the College Settlement for the children, although they may not know it, is the home atmosphere. And if the children can be trained to make homes, the residents will feel that they have accomplished a great work, for a home is unknown among these people. An Association for the support of the College Settlement is now forming, and sixty-one members have been enrolled at Wellesley.

* * *

ALTHOUGH a very interesting and enjoyable concert had been anticipated for Monday evening, Jan. 27, it exceeded the expectation of everyone. Miss Stowell the mention of whose name now arouses a deep feeling of interest in the minds of those who have heard her, was a pupil of D'Albert in Germany, and does great credit to her distinguished master. She has the perfect ease and repose of manner, combined with a deep and soul-felt expression. which cannot fail to charm an audience. There is in her playing a delicate touch, an interpretation that is much more than satisfying, together with great power, a rare combination, and one which few possess. Madame Zéla, the Swedish singer, has a powerful voice with a wide compass and clear tones, especially on the higher notes. Her manner is rather dramatic, and her voice increased in flexibility, until in the last part of the evening she sang with ease and enthusiasm. The opportunity of listening to as gifted a harpiste as Miss Shaw is not often afforded at Wellesley College. Her dainty and graceful touch, and the smoothness of her execution, rendered her music deserving of the hearty applause received after each performance. She probably ranks among the first of her profession in New England and has been invited to accept the position of harpiste in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Miss Trask contributed to the concert by her sympathetic and careful accompaniments, and as at the entertainment given by the "Beacon Orchestral Club," proved herself a very efficient performer. The programme was as follows:

1.	Prelude and Fugue in A minor,	*Bach-Liszt*
2.	Valse-Ariette, "Romeo and Juliet,	*Gounod*
3.	Harp Solo, Danse des Fées,	*Alvars*
4.	Piano Solos, Rigaudon,	*Raff*
	Arabeskue,	*Schumann*
	Novellette,	*Scharwenka*
	Le Retour,	*Bizet*
	Spinner-Lied,	*Wagner-Liszt*
5.	Songs, "Es war ein Traum,"	*Lassen*
	Pastorale,	*Bizet*
6.	Harp Solos, "Welsh Melody"	*Thomas*
	Tarantelle,	*Aptommas*
7.	Twelfth Rhapsody,	*Liszt*

The fourth number was one of the most pleasing and displayed a variety of style, and the interpretation of Schumann shows her understanding of the great composer. The quaint little Welsh melody was truly pleasing and the magnificent performance of the Twelfth Rhapsody of Liszt formed a fitting close for the concert which is one of the finest of the year.

☞ Sickness in the publishing and printing department of the PRELUDE have caused the delay in issuing the paper the past two weeks.

☞ Geo. A. Plummer & Co., of Boston have sent some of their calendars for distribution at the College. If there are any who desire one they may be obtained at the Book-store.

☞ Copies of the PRELUDE can be obtained of Miss Emily Howard Foley in the Second Floor Centre, from 10.35 to 10.55 o'clock every morning (except Sunday and Monday). For sale in the village by W. H. Flagg.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Dora Emerson '92, has returned to College.

Query—Did our honored instructors mean it, when they told us not to cram?

Among the book-reviews in this number, there is a review of Robert Browning's Asolando by Miss Scudder.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard of Vermont Academy, Saxton's River, spent Sunday at the College, the guests of Miss Currier. Miss Anna Locke and Miss Winslow, both former members of '91, have also paid flying visits to Wellesley.

Such a cold, windy day as it was on Wednesday, Jan. 22. But quite a little company of students braved the weather to attend an informal reception given by Miss Calkins at her home in Newton. It is needless to say that everyone had a delightful time. The Johnsonian theory that tea and conversation are the essentials of perfect happiness is not so bad after all.

A Mass meeting of the Faculty and students was held directly after chapel, Tuesday morning. The question "How shall we applaud?" was discussed and finally the matter was left in the unsubstantial hands of a future committee who are to receive suggestions from everybody. If Wellesley turns out to be as artistic as she is musical—this is a sarcastic allusion to the over-abundance of college cheers now ready—the committee will be utterly crushed by the flood of suggestions which will immediately pour in upon them.

On Monday, Jan. 27, the Faculty gave a reception to the Seniors and to the post-graduate students. All the afternoon, an ungrateful sleet persecuted luckless victims to the best or rather the worst of its ability. But notwithstanding the disobliging state of the weather, in good time, the College halls were filled with guests and presented their usual reception aspect. Miss Shafer received in the second-floor centre and, on the third floor, refreshments were served. The vases of flowers on the tables were a great addition. The pretty idea made everyone remember that there had been sunshine once and perhaps there might be again, if the present did look dubious. Among the guests were Dr. N. G. Clark, Mrs. Durant, Mrs. Claflin, Mrs. Hovey, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carleton Coffin, Prof. and Mrs. Holman and Mr. Niven. Mr. Niven is an Englishman who is lecturing in Boston on Carlyle and Emerson.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

NEW POSITIONS.

Eva J. Beede, New Private School, Leitchfield, Ky.

Anna Theodora Brown, '88, Science Hill, Shelbyville, Ky.

Mary Lucy Child, '89, Northfield Seminary, Northfield, Mass.

Vennette S. Crain, '88, Private School, Freeport, Ill.

Daisy Crownshield, '87, Private School, Lansford, Pa.

Hattie E. Crouch, '84, Teacher of German, High School, Schenectady, N. Y.

M. Calista McCauley, '88, Ingham University, Le Roy, N. Y.

Fannie A. Obear, Miss Budd's School, Mount Holly, N. J.

Clara M. Oldham, '86, Bryn Mawr Preparatory School, Baltimore, Md.

Anna A. Pickens, Secretary Woman's Home Missionary Association, Boston, Mass.

Jennie B. Semple, '87, Art Classes, Harcourt Place Seminary, Gambier, Ohio.

Gertrude Tinker, '88, Milwaukee College, Milwaukee, Wis.

Henrietta Wells, '87, Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

Edith Wilkinson, High School, Waukegan, Ill.

Mrs. Dora Fellows Haynes, student at Wellesley, '80-'81, has lately removed from Philadelphia to Los Angeles, Cal.

At the recent meeting of the Woman's Board in Boston, one of the most interesting speeches was made by Miss Julia Bissell, '85, who returned to this country from India in the fall to carry on medical studies. Of Mrs Palmer's address *The Transcript* gives the following notice.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer's closing address at the meeting of the Woman's Board was marked in an unusual degree by the strength and sympathy which held her in such close relation to the students at Wellesley.

From time to time, a Wellesley *coterie* gathers in the cosy parlor of Mrs. Harriet Peirce Sanborn, '80, now living in Philadelphia. Among the guests are Mary J. Brewster, Ruth W. Lathrop, and Marie L. Tuck all of '83. Of late the presence of Mrs. Bradford K. Peirce has given to these delightful meetings the homelike air so well remembered by the many Wellesley professors and students whom she has been wont to entertain at Newton Centre and Newton.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

HARVARD and Yale have refused to row Cornell.

PRINCETON is contemplating the idea of publishing a humorous illustrated paper.

THE property of the Syracuse Medical College has been transferred to Syracuse University.

THE new catalogue of Smith College shows a total attendance of 511 students, an increase of 74 over last year.

THE Senior class of Brown University has recently voted to exclude all intoxicants at the class supper to be held June next.

THE students of Evelyn College, Princeton, N. J., have adopted orange and white as college colors, in contrast to Princeton's orange and black.

PROFESSOR Henry of Sheffield Scientific School has resigned on account of trouble arising from his requiring certain instruments bought from a special dealer.

BOWDOIN is jubilant over the election of one of her sons, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, as Speaker of the House. Chief Justice Fuller is also a Bowdoin graduate.—*Ex.*

THE Yale library has received a gift of ten thousand dollars by the will of Mr. George Gabriel, a resident of New Haven. The Theological school received five thousand from the same scource.

PROF. WILLIAM R. HARPER of Yale has declined the presidency of Dakota University, made vacant by the tragic death of President Olson, who was killed at the recent catastrophe in Minneapolis.

DR. SETH LOW, the new president of Columbia, has purchased for $100,000 the handsome house on the southwest corner of Madison Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street, so as to be near the scene of his coming work. The ceremonies of his installation will be held at the Metropolitan Opera House on Feb. 4, at which Dr. Morgan Dix will deliver the principal address.

THE observations of the expedition sent to Africa to obtain photographs of the eclipse which occurred there Dec. 22, have been successful. The clouds interfered somewhat with the work of the scientists, but the additional knowledge gained promises of importance. Prof. Todd telegraphed to Amherst for an intension of his leave of absence to June, as the eclipse party desire to spend a longer time on the coast of Africa. None of them have suffered from the fever which usually make it impossible for whites to stay in Africa.

WABAN RIPPLES.

THE Ripples have not yet received notification that they have been awarded the prize for the best College ory, anc so to make assurance doubly sure they send the following—Diggety-dig! Cram, crem! Flunkety-flunk! Mid-years!

EVE BEFORE HISTORY II. EXAMINATION.

PHILOSOPHICAL JUNIOR: Charlemagne's great work was keeping back the Barbarians—i. e., if it had not been for Charlemagne, I would not be studying History of Civilization.

JUNIOR ROOM-MATE, (suffering from a cold): Well, I don't know that I feel very grateful to him.

P. G., (discussing Theism with a Sophomore): The theists object to the anthropomorphism of the Christians' God.

SOPHOMORE, (brightening, after a puzzled pause): Why of course! I thought I knew that word. We had it in Chemistry last year.

QUERY: Could her conclusion have been based on Isomorphism?

CONSTITUTIONAL History Class:

INSTRUCTOR: Yes, the members of the Privy Council were exalted above all other subjects of the realm. Has any one another point she would like to make on this subject?

INTERESTED voice from a prominent class officer on the back row: Well, I think one other reason why they were so powerful was because they were all apt to be *heads of departments*, were they not?

"Arms, and the man I sing
Who was a Trojan tramp.
Whom Dido thought a king
And *found* to be a scamp."

"She took him in at first;
And, after, he took her in:
Poor Dido died, and cursed
Troy weight, and all things furrin."

IT is a great thing to know Latin, especially for printers and proof-readers. He wrote it: *Tot homines, quot sententiæ* (so many men, as many minds). The compositor turned it into: *Totho mines quots euteutiæ*; and the gentle proof-reader corrected it to stand: *Tothomi ne squotsen ten ties*.

BUT that wasn't half so funny as the college boy's translation of *Exegi monumentum ære perennius* (I have reared a memorial more durable than bronze): "I have eaten a monument harder than brass," to whom the pitying professor suggested that he had better "sit down at once and try to digest it!"—*Congregationalist*.

OUR OUTLOOK.

In Mamby, in the French Congo, one of the most uncivilized parts of west Africa, an American lady is living without white companions, instructing the natives and cheerfully performing all the duties that devolve upon her as a missionary. She is Miss Mary Kah of Cheyenne county, Neb., and is the only representative left of the missionary party established here by Bishop William Taylor. Several men were in the party when it came to Africa, but the trying climate proved too much for them. Miss Kah superintended the housekeeping while the others were with her, and now she is obliged, in addition, to keep the school going and direct the labors on the plantation.

There is now every facility provided for women who come to New York alone, and who wish to feel secure, to see and know whatever is of interest. A bureau has been established, which can be relied upon for promptness, conscientiousness and fair dealing. It has secured the assistance of ladies who will act as chaperones, as guides, as aids in buying, as agents in securing rooms at a boarding house or hotel, as general care-takers if need be, and at moderate cost. They will provide all the necessaries for a European trip, secure tickets, and see luggage, etc., safely bestowed. Such a bureau is in successful operation in London. It remains to be seen, says the Woman's Cycle, whether we have as yet assumed such metropolitan dimensions as will sustain an enterprise of this sort in New York.

A most valuable report has recently been issued by the department of labor at Washington, which gives personal statistics of 17,427 wage-earning girls engaged in 343 distinct industries out of many now open to women, and comprising the result of study in 22 different cities. The tables bring out very telling facts. The average age for beginning work appears to be 15 years and 4 months; but 129 out of the number commenced under 9 years of age, and the largest proportion, 3503 began to support themselves at 14. For years they continue the weary round of labor, rising at 5 or 7, and shortly afterward going to the factory or shop, where they remain, with but little recess, for 10 or more hours. Often their work does not end when they leave the place of their day's labor, for out of the whole number questioned by the agent of the department, 9,813 not only work at their regular occupations, but also assist in the housework at home. More than half give their earnings to the head of the family, while very many have to care entirely for several others beside themselves. The average weekly wages of the 17,427 was found to be $5.24, and yet with this small amount 6614 do none of their own sewing, and invariably the girls present a respectable appearance.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Magazine of Art for January is a number of particular interest to those who try to keep abreast of the art currents of the times. The opening proper on "The Nativity of Our Lord" is a study of the development of the treatment of this subject from Orcagua to Rembrandt. Orcagua's picture is "in every sense typical of mediæval art." The painter has thought only how to convey his story with the utmost clearness and simplicity. "The idea of picturesqueness has not occurred to him." "His treatment is perfectly symbolic,—the actual representation of the aspect of nature is not thought of." Minds trained to the ascetic ideals of those days would have turned from the earthly splendor and carnal beauty of a Rubens' conception, as promptings of the evil one.—The sketch "In Memoriam: Jules Dupré" has a sad interest for us; and sympathetic thoughts of the artist mingle with our appreciation of his faithful work, as we look at the favorite "Harvesters' Repast" of the Stetson Collection.—The Chronicle of Art and the Monthly Record of American Art give a good idea of the art movements in various centers,—Florence, London, New York;—with timely comments on the Barye Loan Exhibition and the war of words over the Angelus.

The Nineteenth Century for January contains its usual long list of attractive articles. Some of these are of much more interest to English readers than to American, and among such may be mentioned the one in "The Future of City Charities" by Robert Hunter. This deals in the certain difficulties which have arisen in the distribution of parish trust funds in London, through their donors having legislated for posterity.—A subject not altogether foreign to this is discussed by the Right Hon. Earl Grey under the title, "The Incument and the Tiltres." The usual number of political articles appear; as the one on "The Melbourne Government, its Acts and Persons," by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P., one entitled "The Actual and Political Ireland," by T. W. Russell, M. P., and "Absolute Political Eltrics," by Herber, Spencer.—Prof. Huxley considers one side of Socialt ism in England, which he describes as a revival of Romascanism.—Some characteristics of the German Daily Press are explained by Dr. Bamberger, a member of the Reichstag.—The Countess of Jersey and Countess Conzer write on the present position of woman. The former compares Ourselves and Our Foremothers, and ends with an appeal to women in the words of Hannah Moore, that they contribute their full proportion towards the saving of their country, but in a way appropriate to their power, their dignity and their delicacy and refinement of character. Countess Conzer writes on "The Decline of Reserve among Women." She acknowledges that their present freedom in philanthropic work must result in good to both helped and helpers, but warns them that in entering public life they may mistake the "quicksands of license for the rocks of freedom."—"True Scars of British Art" are reviewed by Marcus B. Huish, from the standpoint principally of what has been done for the education and good of the public. An appeal is made by Chas. W. Vincent, that England has from America's experience of the dangers of electric lighting, and pass precautionary laws now before forced to do so by a sad necessity.—A very interesting article on the preservation of the English language impurity, is contributed by Charles Mackay, L. L. D.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Asolando, Fancies and Facts. By Robert Browning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This little volume appeals to us, and should appeal with a peculiar poignancy of interest. Coming as it did almost on the very day when the message of Browning's translation flashed into the minds of the English-speaking world the sudden consciousness of the end of an era, it seemed to bring us the final word from the century of struggle that lies behind us, and at the same time to sound with something of the solemnity of a voice from the Unseen. Perhaps it is no false or delusive glamour which is thus shed over these pages. Perhaps if we exalted our thought of all poetic utterance till it gained for us the mystery of a voice from the spiritual sphere, we should apprehend it more instead of less truly. Meanwhile, let us take advantage of the reverence with which we approach these last words of the Master, to linger over and hear for a few moments.

"*Asolando*" contains no new message. How could it? For over half a century Browning has studied life, lived life, written life. He has sounded the depths and scaled the heights and on the swift wings of his keen imagination has penetrated the farthest recesses of human heart and soul—thence he has brought treasures which he has heaped before us with no niggard hand. From the days of *Pauline* to the days of the *Parleyings*, he has been busy interpreting for us the Divine and the human as revealed through the strange experience of man. In his old age—an old age like that of Goethe in its wholesome and joyous serenity—nothing remained, but that age should "speak the truth, and give us peace at last."

That his last years had performed for Browning this highest function no one can doubt who turns the pages of *Asolando*. "Let age approve of youth," we may inscribe upon the title-page of the volume—happy that the last half of the line need also not be forgotten. For here, reproduced in luminous simplicity, do we find the reflection of all the main phases, the main motifs of Browning's life and art. This could not have been said of many of his later books. *Ferishtah, Jocoseria*, and the *Parleyings* showed indeed no diminution of vigor, no enfeebling of grasp, yet they were all of the same order and while we received them gratefully and delighted in their incisive flash of intellect, we could not love them as we love *Men and Women* or *Pippa Passes*. But here in *Asolando* Browning,—who shall say with what strange prescience?—has given us an epitome of the faith, feeling, insight of his life-time. We recognize familiar types of character as we glance through the poems; the worldly-wise and somewhat wicked old Prelate, own cousin to Bishop Blougram; his counterpart the saintly philosophic priest who assuredly in the Communion of Saints will stand not far from Pope Innocent; the courtly Pagan, with his unconscious forebodings reflecting the expectation of the Heathen world. We find here, again, phases of passion expressing themselves as of old in ringing or tender lyric. Once more we are swept away by fiery movement, spirited, tense, glorious in "*Rosny*": once more, as long ago in "*One way of Love*," and a nameless fragrant song in Pippa, we glow with the very exaltation of humility: once more we realize love supreme, love final, love triumphant:—

> "Last night I saw you in my sleep,
> And how your charm of face was changed!
> I asked, 'Some love, some faith you keep?'
> You answered, 'Faith gone, love estranged.'
>
> Whereat I woke—a twofold bliss;
> Waking was one, but next there came
> This other: 'though I felt, for this,
> My heart break, I loved on the same.'"

That a man of seventy-eight should write such verses is answer complete to all prate of the swift passages of the affections of youth. But the book has more to give us than studies of types or delicate and vigorous love-lyrics. There are several poems here in which Browning's highest faith and clearest vision of life's meaning find expression beautiful as in his prime. The first poem in the volume, written from the point of view of Rabbi Ben Ezra, is a noble study of the change in perception from youth to age. Finding triumph where Wordsworth found primarily sadness, Browning bids us rejoice in the passing away of that time when we see "Every common bush afire with God," since when Nature no longer appeals to us with mystic glory, and "the Bush is bare," we are left free at last to apprehend all visible Fact as nothing beside the transcendent truth of the Unseen. In "Rephan" we have a rendering, instinct with lofty and peaceful music, of Browning's beloved faith that the very imperfection of life forms its highest privilege. The soul that has lived silent in the star Rephan where all is finished, pain loss and growth unknown, begins to sigh for an unimaginable experience:—

> "Till out of my peace at length grew strife,
> Hopes, fears, loves, hates—obscurely rife,
> My life a—tremble to grow your life.
>
> Was it Thou, above all light that are,
> Prime Potency, did Thy hands unbar
> The prison-gate of Rephan, my star?
>
> When the trouble grew in my pregnant breast
> A voice said:—'So thou wouldst strive, not rest?
>
> Burn and not smoulder, win by worth,
> Not rest content with a wealth that's dearth?
> Thou art past Rephan, thy place be earth!'"

In the poem next to the last in the volume, "Reverie," Browning returns to the first great perplexity of his life: the relation between the Power and the Love of God. With keen and just intellect as with wistful tenderness, he discusses their seeming inconsistency as evidenced in the sorrowing world. Here once more, and for the last time he rises into the almost prophetic vision of that other World "where the strange and new have play," where Power and Love shall be seen at last reconciled and known as one to the freed spirit. Finally, in the epilogue, he bids us farewell—in words of undying cheer, hope and courage, words whose echoes will not soon die away. No line in this volume but bears witness to the truth of the description. And we will rejoice that we have indeed in him who has left us and who was the leader of the century's thought:—

> "One who never turned his back, but marched breast
> forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted, wrong would
> triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to awake."—

Vida D. Scudder.